<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>An ode of verses on the much-lamented death of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield ... who departed this life ... on the thirtieth of September, 1770 ... / compos’d in America by a negro girl seventeen years of age, and sent over to a gentleman of character in</th>
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<td>[1771?]</td>
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AN ODE OF VERSES

On the much-lamented Death of the

Rev. Mr. GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

Late Chaplain to the Countes of Huntingdon;

Who departed this Life, at Newbery near Boston in New England, on the Thirtieth of September, 1770, in the Fifty-seventh Year of his Age.

Compos'd in America by a Negro Girl Seventeen Years of Age, and sent over to a Gentleman of Character in London.

HALI Happy Saint, on thy Immortal Throne!
To thee Complaints of Grievance are unknown.
We hear no more the Music of thy Tongue,
Thy wond'rous Auditories cease to throng.
Thy Lassons in unequal'd Accents flow'd,
While Emulation in each Bosom glow'd.
Thou didst, in Strains of Eloquence refin'd,
Infame the Soul, and captivate the Mind.
Unhappy we thy setting Sun deplo're,
Which once was Splendid, but it shines no more.
He leaves the Earth for Heaven's unmatch'd Height,
And Worlds unknown receive him out of Sight.
There Whitefield wings with rapid Course his Way,
And falls to Zion's vast Seats of Day.
When his Americans were burden'd sore,
When Streets were crammed with their guileful Gore,
Wondrous Compassion in his Breast now flow'd,
The Fruit thereof was Charity and Love.
Towards America what could he more!
Than leave his native Home, the British Shore,
To cross the Great Atlantic wat'ry Road,
To see New England's much-dread'd Abode.
Thy Prayers, great Saint, and thy ineffant Cries,
Have often pier'd the Bosom of the Skies.
Thou, Most, hast been and thou, bright Star of Light,
Hast Writest been of his Requests by Night.

Our Whitefield the Haven he gain'd
Outfying the Tempest and Wind,
His Relt he has forever embrac'd,
And left his Companions behind.

He pray'd for Grace in ev'ry Heart to dwell,
He long'd to see America excel.
He charg'd its Youth to let the Grace Divine
Arise, and in their future Actions shine.
He offer'd that he did himself receive;
A greater Gift not God himself could give.
He urg'd the Need of Him to ev'ry one,
It was no less than God's co-equal Son.
Take him, ye Wretched, for your only Good;
Take him, ye hungry Souls, to be your Food;
Take him, ye Thirsty, for your Cooling Stream;
Ye Preachers, take him for your joyful Theme;
Take him, my dear Americans, he said;
Be your Complaints in his kind Boston laid;
Take him, ye Afflicted, he longs for you,
Impartial Saviour is his Title due.
If you will walk in Grace's heavenly Road,
He'll make you free, and Kings, and Priests to God.
No more can he exert his Ld'ng breath,
Soz'd by the cruel Murtherer of Death.
What can he now America return,
But drop a Tear upon his happy Urn.
Thou, Tomb, that safe retain thy sacred Trunk,
Till Life Divine resume his Duit.

Our Whitefield has gain'd
Outfying the Tempest and Wind,
His Relt he has forever embrac'd,
And left his Companions behind.

The C ONCLUSION.

May Whitefield's Virtues flourish with his Fame,
And Age yet unborn record his Name.
All Praise and Glory be to God on High,
Whose dread Command is, That we all must die.
To live to Life eternal, may we emulate.
The worthy Man that's gone, O'er it be blest.

Printed and Sold for the Benefit of a poor Family burnt out a few Weeks since near Shoreditch Church, that lost all they possessed, having nothing inherit'd.

Price a Penny apiece, or 5s. a Hundred to Stoves that sell them eggs.